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Silently steals into the system, undermining the health, causing headaches, worn-out feeling, pains in the limbs, constipated bowels, other troubles. Try BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

GUARANTEE—Purchaser must be satisfied. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, taken as directed, will cure all cases of Malaria, Chills and Fever, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Nervous Debility, Weakness, Headache or Neuralgia.

TRUSTEE'S SALE. By virtue of a deed of trust made by the American Fire Clay Company (a corporation under the laws of West Virginia) to the undersigned as trustee, bearing date the twenty-eighth day of July, A. D. 1895, and of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Hancock county, West Virginia, in deed of Trust Book "C," folios 371, 372, 373 and 374, I will on

TUESDAY, MARCH 21, A. D. 1896,

commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., proceed to sell at public auction at the works of the American Fire Clay Company, located near New Cumberland, in the county of Hancock, in the state of West Virginia, all of the following described property, to wit: All that certain tract of land lying upon the Ohio river in Butler district, Hancock county, state of West Virginia, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stake on the Ohio river, corner to lands of Freeman Brothers, thence down said river south eight degrees west (8°) west thirty-nine (39) poles, thence south sixteen degrees west (16°) west fifty (50) poles, thence south eight degrees west (8°) west fifty-five (55) poles to a stake, corner to lot of Freeman and Anderson; thence leaving the river south eighty-one and one-half degrees (south 81½°) east, forty-seven (47) poles, thence south sixteen degrees west (16°) west fourteen (14) poles; thence with the line of Brown Brothers north eighty-four and one-half degrees (84½°) east, one hundred and twenty-two (122) poles to a stone pile on the line of Swearingen's lands; thence north twelve degrees (12°) east fourteen (14) poles; thence south eighty-eight degrees (88°) west one hundred and twenty-two (122) poles, to the place of beginning aforesaid, containing one hundred and twenty-three and one-half acres (123½ acres) more or less, saving and reserving, however, the right of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway Company to a strip of land, conveyed out of said tract to it by Deed of J. Freeman, dated 1895, and being ten (10) feet east of the center line of the railroad tract of said company and fifty (50) feet west from said center line of said tract, and extending along the whole river front of said tract; also granting to the said party of the second part all buildings, improvements, machinery and fixtures situated and being on said above described tract of land.

TERMS—Cash. One-third of the purchase money cash in hand, one-third thereof with interest in six months, and the residue thereof with interest in one year from the day of sale, the purchaser being required to give his notes with good security for the deferred payments, the legal title being retained as further security.

GIBSON L. CRANMER, Trustee.



(Copyright, 1895.) SYNOPSIS.

Prosper is the third secretary to the bishop of Beauvais, who, at the death of Louis XIII, becomes the rival of Cardinal Mazarin for the presidency of France and for the favor of Anne of Austria, the queen regent. By an error in copying Prosper lends the bishop to make an absurd error in stating the population of Paris to the council. Prosper is dismissed with a beating. He is reviled by the bishop's steward, whom he attacks in his rage, and is pursued through the streets of Paris. As he is escaping he overtakes another fugitive, who looks around in fear, and throws a bundle into Prosper's arms. Prosper staggers against a door in a wall, which opens, and his pursuers go by. He discovers that the bundle contains something alive, perhaps a stolen child. He determines to restore it, and claim a reward, but as he turns the end of the street, he is tripped up by another man who seizes the parcel and runs off. Prosper makes his way to the suburbs, and seeks refuge in a barn. On awaking, he finds near him the fugitive who tossed him the bundle. The latter is much cast down when he learns that he had given it up needlessly, but is evidently overjoyed when Prosper tells him that a lame man regained it, evidently recognizing a friend. Prosper has noticed a small cape in the man's girdle, bearing the royal crown, and at once surmises that the infant king of France was being carried off. He and the stranger return to Paris, and Prosper takes note of a door at which the man lingers for a short time, before they separate. Prosper rushes off to the Palais Royal, where his young wife's father-in-law resides. His father-in-law repulses him, and thinks his misfortunes have turned his brain when he recounts his story of the stolen king. Prosper learns that it is the queen regent's pet spaniel, Flore, that has been stolen, and he hears the proclamation of a reward offered by his master, the bishop of Beauvais, for the dog's recovery. He returns to the door which he had marked, and enters an empty house surrounded by a garden. From a window he observes two gentlemen conversing with the ruffians of the previous night, and at once surmises that the infant king of France was being carried off. One of the men starts for the house and sees Prosper at the window. Prosper endeavors to escape, but is seized and choked into unconsciousness. When he recovers he finds himself alone with one of the gentlemen, who orders him to return the dog to the bishop, claim the reward and share it with those who have carried it off, threatening him with death if he betrays them. Prosper sees that he will thus renege himself with the bishop. He brings the bishop to the deserted house, where the dog has been shut up in a closet. All then proceed to the Palais Royal, where the queen regent is about to receive the flag captured in Flanders by the troops of Mazarin, the bishop's rival.

PART V. Of the bevy of ladies in attendance only half a dozen entered, for a few paces within the doorway the queen stood still to receive my patron, who advanced to meet her. It seemed to me that she was not pleased to see him, and certainly her voice rang loud and peevishly as she cried: "What, my lord! Are you here? I came to receive the trophies from Rocroy, and did not expect to see you at this hour."

"I bring my own excuse, madame," he answered, unabashed. "I have your majesty's leave to present it!" he continued, with a smile and a low bow. "I came to receive the colors," she retorted, still frowning.

"I bring your majesty something equally to your liking," he replied. Then I think she caught his meaning, for her proud, handsome face flashed with a wonderful light, and she clasped her hands together with a gesture of pleasure almost childish. "What?" she exclaimed. "Have you—"

"Yes, madame," he said, smiling gallantly. "Bonnet!"

But Bonnet had watched his moment, and before the name fell clear off his master's lips was beside him, and with bent knee laid the dog tenderly at her majesty's feet. She uttered a cry of joy, and stooped to caress it, her fair ringlets falling and hiding her face. On that I did not see exactly what happened, for her ladies flocked round her with cries that reached the courtiers pressed round them, and all that reached me, where I stood by the door, took the form of excited cries of "Flore! Flore! Oh, the darling!" and the like. A few old men who stood near the wall and farthest from the queen raised their eyebrows and the officers standing with the colors by the door were fallen faces, but nine-tenths of the crowd seemed to be fairly carried away by the queen's delight and congratulated one another as if ten Rocrois had been won.

Suddenly, while I hung in suspense, expecting each moment to be called forward, I heard a little stir at my elbow, and, looking to the side, saw the knot on the threshold break inward to give place, while several voices whispered: "Mazarin!" As I looked he came in, and pausing to speak to the foremost of the officers, gave me the opportunity—which I had never enjoyed before of viewing him near at hand; and in a moment it flashed upon me—though

now he wore his cardinal's robes, and then had been very simply dressed—that it was he whose back I had seen, and whose dazzling ring had blinded me in the garden.

The thought had scarcely grown to a conviction before he passed on, apologizing almost humbly to those whom he displaced and courteously to all; and this, and perhaps also the fact that the mass of those present belonged to my patron's party and were not quick to see him, rendered his progress so slow that, my name being called and everybody hustling me forward, I came face to face with the queen at the moment that he did and saw—though for a while I was too much excited to understand—what passed.

Her majesty, it seemed to me, did not look unkindly upon him. But the bishop was so full of his success and uplifted by the presence of his friends that he could not contain himself. "Ha! the cardinal!" he cried; and, before the queen could speak, "I hope your eminence has been as zealous in her majesty's service as I have been."

"As zealous, assuredly," the cardinal answered, meekly. "As effective? Alas! it is not given to all to vie with your lordship in affairs."

But this—though I detected no smack of irony in the tone—did not seem to

struggle; since it required no great wit to infer that the bishop, if defeated, would wreak his vengeance on me. Already a dozen who had attended his levee were fawning on the cardinal; the queen had turned her shoulder to him; a great lady, over whom he bent to hide his chagrin, talked to him indeed, but flippantly, and with eyes half closed. For all these slights, and the more real defeat which they indicated, I foresaw that I should pay; and, in a panic, I slid back and strove to steal away through the door in safety, and even the head of the stairs. But there a hand gripped my shoulder, and the steward thrust his face, white with rage, into mine. "Not so fast, Master Plotter!" he hissed in my ear. "If your hide does not pay for this, you are not lashed by the crowd, until life is out of your body! If for this I do not—"

"By the queen's command," said a quiet voice in my other ear; and a hand fell also on that shoulder. The steward glanced at his rival. "He is the bishop's man!" he cried, throwing out his chest; and he gripped me again.

"And the bishop is the queen's?" was the curt reply; and the stranger, in whom I recognized the man who had delivered the dog to me, quietly put him by. "Her majesty has committed this person to my custody in full inquiry by me made into the truth of his story. In the meantime, if you have any complaint to make, you can make it to his eminence."

After that there was no more to be said. The steward, baffled and bursting with rage, fell back, and the stranger, directing me by a gesture to attend him, descended the stairs and, crossing the courtyard, entered St. Antoine. I knew not now what to expect from him; nor whether, overjoyed as I was at such a deliverance, I might not be courting a worse fate in this inquiry; so grim and secretive was my guide's face, and so much did that somber dress—which gave him somewhat of the character of an inquisitor—add to the mystery of his silence. However, when we had crossed St. Antoine and entered a lane leading to the river, he halted and turned to me.

"There are twenty crowns," he said, abruptly, and he placed a purse in my hand. "Take them and go exactly as I bid you, and all will be well. At the Quai de Notre Dame you will find a market boat starting for Rouen. Go by it, and at the Ecce Homo in that city you will find your wife and a hundred crowns. Live there quietly and in a month apply for work at the Chancery; it will be given you. The rest lies with you. I have known men," he continued, with a puzzling smile, "who started at a desk in that Chancery and lived to rent one of the great farms."

"I tried to find words to thank him," I said. "There is no need," he said. "For what you have done it is not too much."

And now I agree with him. Now—though his words came true to the letter, and to-day I hold one of the great farms on a second term—I, too, think that it was not too much. For if M. de Conde won Rocroy for his party in the field, the cardinal on that day won a victory no less eminent at court, of which the check administered to M. de Beauvais—who had nothing but a good presence, and collapsed like a pricked bladder, becoming within a month the most discredited of men—was the first movement. Within a month the heads of the important affairs of the bishop's party were christened—were in prison or exiled, and all France recognized that it was in a master's hand, and that the mantle of Richelieu, with a double portion of the royal favor, had fallen on Mazarin's shoulders. I need scarcely add that, long before, he had been happy enough to recover and restore the true Flore to his mistress's arms.

(THE END.)

"The Wife's Confession," a drawing-room comedy by Sir Walter Besant and Walter Herries Pollock, will begin tomorrow.

A Close Call. Mr. Isaac Horner, proprietor of the Burton House, Burton, W. Va., is about as widely known as any man in his section. He says: "In April, 1892, I had a severe attack of rheumatism. The attack was so severe that our family physician was immediately called in and for about a month I was treated constantly by two physicians. I was unable to grow worse, I then placed myself under the care of one of the best physicians in this state at Wheeling. I continued to grow worse. I again called in our two family physicians and they continued to treat me for about a year.

I then tried several different patent medicines and liniments recommended by friends, but could get no relief whatever from anything and after being confined to my room, for over three years all this time unable to wait on myself and suffering the most excruciating pains. In fact, I have not sufficient command of language to convey any idea of what I suffered. My physicians told me that nothing could be done for me and my friends were fully convinced that nothing but death would relieve me of my suffering.

In June, 1894, Mr. Evans, at that time salesman for the Wheeling Drug Company, recommended Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I decided to try it and bought a fifty-cent bottle. At this time my foot and limb was swollen more than double its normal size and it seemed to me my leg would burst, but soon after I began using the Pain Balm the swelling began to decrease, the pain to leave, and now I consider that I am entirely cured. I have no pain, the swelling has left my limb, and I walk anywhere that I care to go. I firmly believe that Chamberlain's Pain Balm saved my life and we would not be without a bottle of it in the house for very many reasons. Sold by Druggists C. R. Goetze, W. W. Irwin, C. Schnepp, C. Menkemeller, John Klari, W. H. Hague, H. C. Stewart, R. B. Burt, J. Coleman, A. E. Scheale, William Menkemeller, J. G. Ehrle, Wheeling; Bowls & Co., Bridgeport; B. F. Peabody & Son, Benwood.

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